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STRANGE ADVENTURES
DEC. NO. 147
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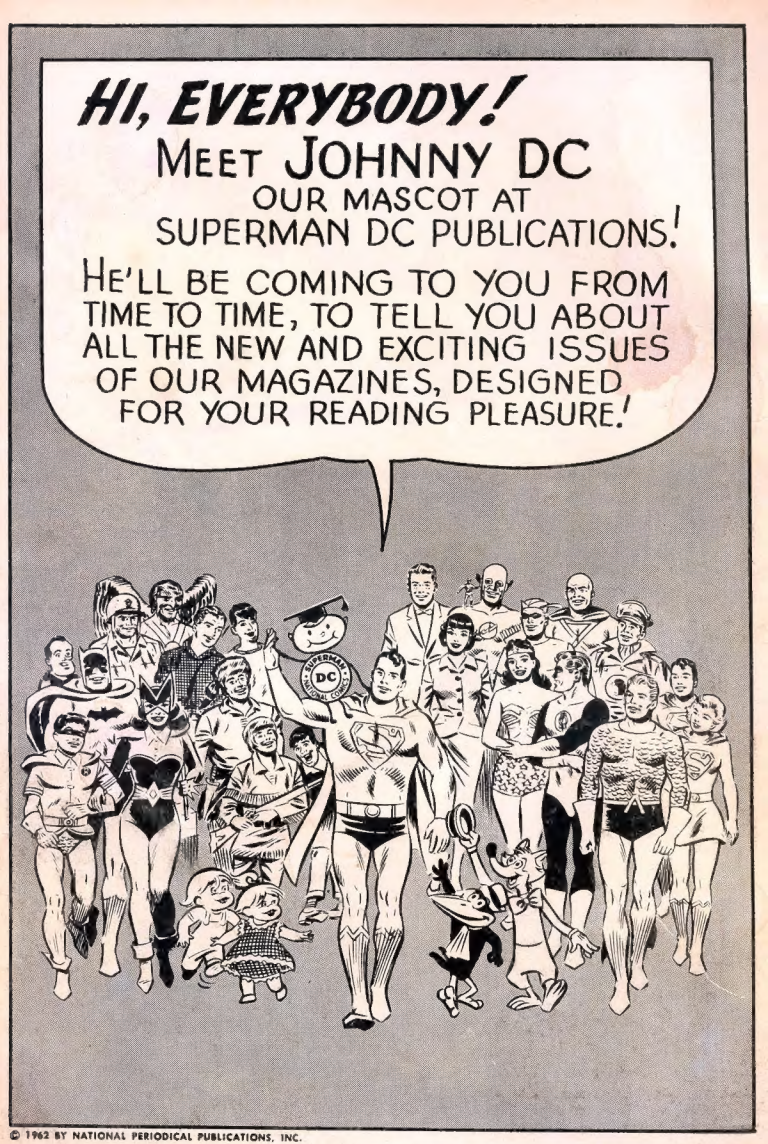

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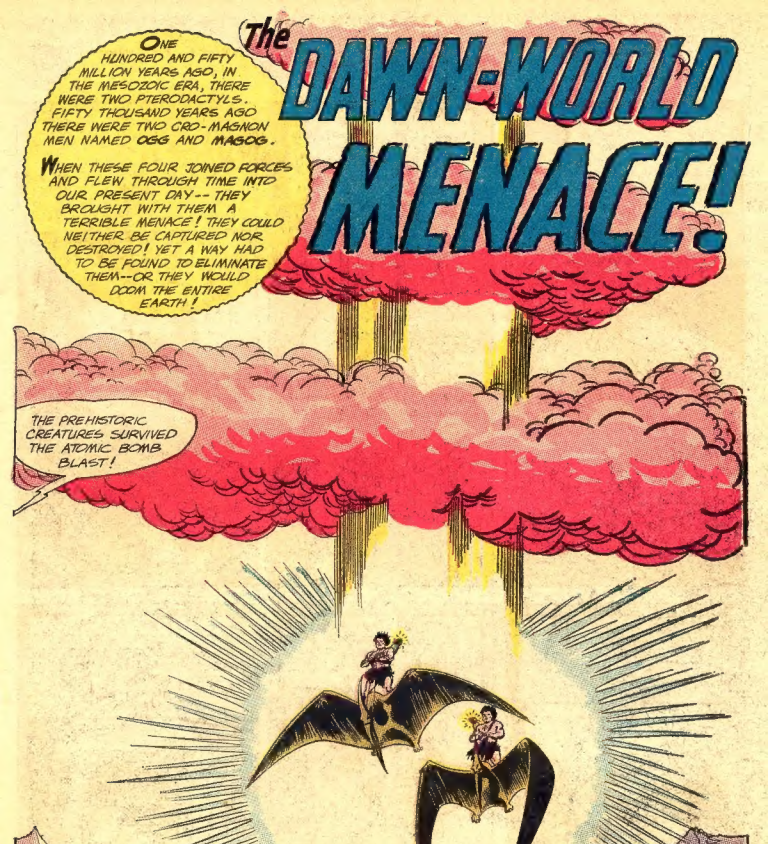

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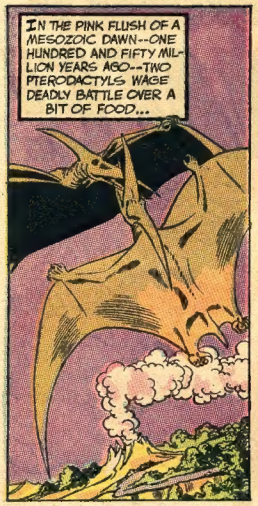
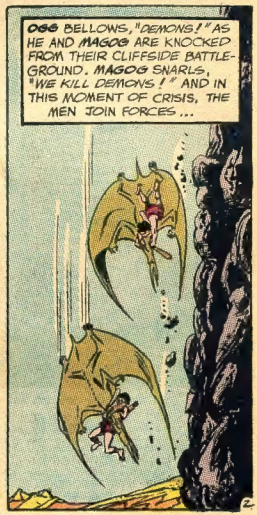

IN THE PINK FLUSH OF A MESOZOIC DAWN--ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILLION YEARS AGO--TWO PTERODACTYLS WAGE DEADLY BATTLE OVER A BIT OF FOOD...

HIGH ABOVE THE PRIMORDIAL JUNGLE THE FLYING REPTILES CUT AND SLASH AT ONE ANOTHER--UNTIL ALL ABOUT THEM A MANY-HUED HOLE OPENS IN THE SKY AND...

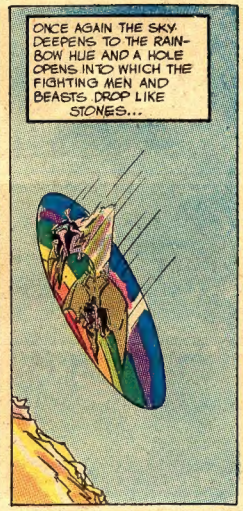
FIFTY THOUSAND YEARS AGO, TWO CRO-MAGNON MEN STRUGGLE DESPERATELY WITH ONE ANOTHER FOR THE CHIEFTAINSHIP OF A CLIFF-SIDE TRIBE. OGG GROWLS, "OGG BE CHIEF," AS HE SLASHES OUT WITH HIS CLUB..

MAGOG GRUNTS, "MAGOG KILL! THEN MAGOG BE CHIEF!" HE BELLOWS DEFIANCE AS HE, TOO, WHIRLS AND SLAMS HIS CLUB WITH TREMENDOUS STRENGTH...

ABOVE THEIR HEADS THE SKY BRIGHTENS WITH A MULTI-COLORED GLOW AS TWO LEATHERY BODIES PLUMMET DOWNWARD...


OGG BELLOWS, "DEMONS!" AS HE AND MAGOG ARE KNOCKED FROM THEIR CLIFFSIDE BATTLE-GROUND. MAGOG SNARLS, "WE KILL DEMONS!" AND IN THIS MOMENT OF CRISIS, THE MEN JOIN FORCES...

THEIR OWN QUARREL FORGOTTEN BEFORE THE MENACE OF THE DEADLY CLUBS THAT BATTER AT THEM, THE WINGED CREATURES SWOOP UPWARD, TRYING TO DISLODGE THEIR ASSAILANTS...


ONCE AGAIN THE SKY DEEPENS TO THE RAINBOW HUE AND A HOLE OPENS INTO WHICH THE FIGHTING MEN AND BEASTS DROP LIKE STONES...

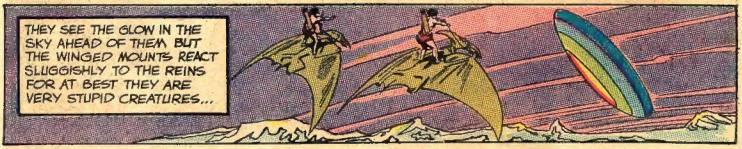
ALL FOUR FUGITIVES PLUMMET ONTO A VAST ICE FIELD, FOR THEY HAVE FALLEN THROUGH TWENTY THOUSAND YEARS OF TIME TO THE DAY OF THE ICE AGE ...

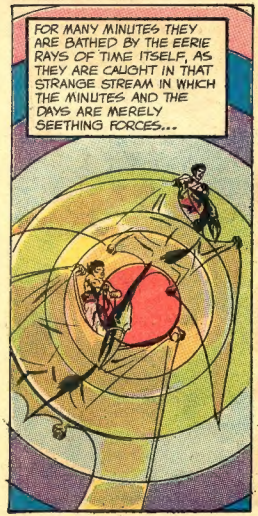
OGG AND MAGOG ONLY GRUNT IN TERROR. NEVER HAVE THEY BEEN THIS COLD! THEN MAGOG LIFTS HIS ARMS AND SHOUTS "FOOD!"...

A STONE-TIPPED SPEAR HURTLES ACROSS THE ICE, POWERED BY THE MIGHTY MUSCLES OF A DAWN-AGE MAN. THE GIANT DEER, ANCESTOR OF THE ELK, DROPS INSTANTLY...

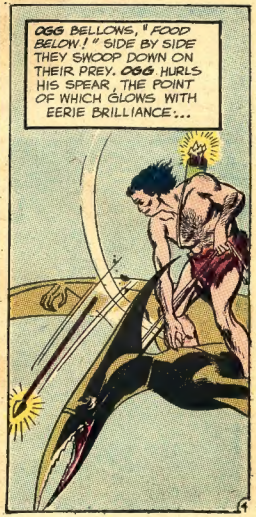
OGG AND MAGOG DINE WELL-- AND FEED THE PTERODACTYLS WITH THE REMAINS, THUS MAKING FRIENDS WITH THEM IN THIS MOMENT OF CRISIS, FOR ALL FOUR ARE IN A STRANGE, DEADLY WORLD...

"THE WORLD CAN'T BE THIS COLD!" OGG CRIES. MAGOG AGREES. FROM THE DEER ANTLERS THEY MAKE BITS, FROM ITS SINEWS REINS--AND TURN SOUTH TOWARD WARMTH...

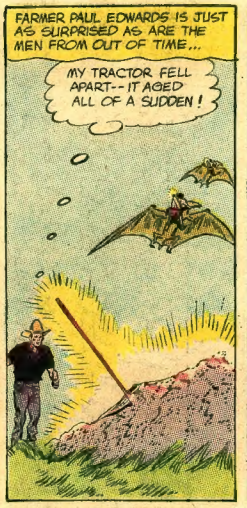

THEY SEE THE GLOW IN THE SKY AHEAD OF THEM BUT THE WINGED MOUNTS REACT SLUGGISHLY TO THE REINS FOR AT BEST THEY ARE VERY STUPID CREATURES...


FOR MANY MINUTES THEY ARE BATHED BY THE EERIE RAYS OF TIME ITSELF, AS THEY ARE CAUGHT IN THAT STRANGE STREAM IN WHICH THE MINUTES AND THE DAYS ARE MERELY SEETHING FORCES...

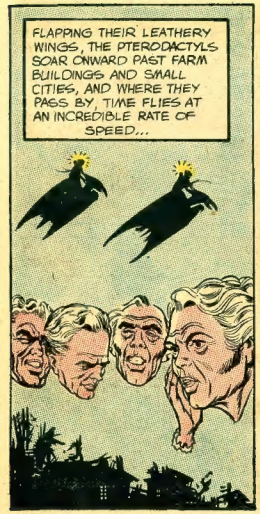
SUDDENLY, THEY EMERGE OVER AN IOWAN CORN FIELD, STARING DOWN AT WHAT THEY IMAGINE IS A NOISY MONSTER, FOR IT CHUGS AND SHAKES AND RUMBLES...


OGG BELLOWS, "FOOD BELOW!" SIDE BY SIDE THEY SWOOP DOWN ON THEIR PREY. OGG HURLS HIS SPEAR, THE POINT OF WHICH GLOWS WITH EERIE BRILLIANCE...

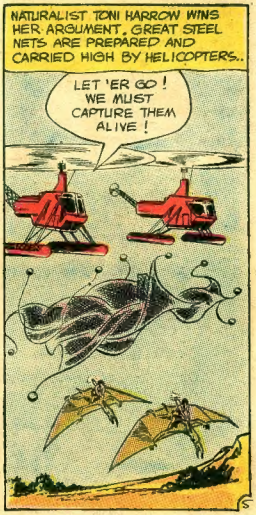
TO THEIR AMAZEMENT--THE CRO-MAGNON MEN SEE THEIR "MEAL" DISINTEGRATE BEFORE THEIR EYES. MAGOG ROARS, "MAGIC!" HAVING NO OTHER EXPLANATION, OGG AGREES...


FARMER PAUL EDWARDS IS JUST AS SURPRISED AS ARE THE MEN FROM OUT OF TIME...
MY TRACTOR FELL APART--IT AGED ALL OF A SUDDEN!

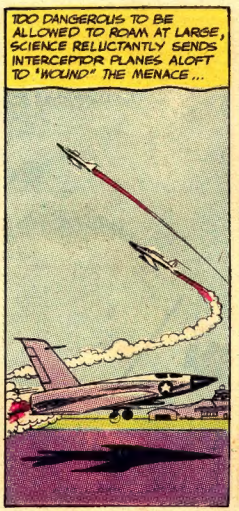
THEN TO HIS FURTHER AMAZEMENT...
I'M GETTING OLD--SECOND BY SECOND! MY CORN IS OLD--WITHERED! I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY--GET HELP!


FLAPPING THEIR LEATHERY WINGS, THE PTERODACTYLS SOAR ONWARD PAST FARM BUILDINGS AND SMALL CITIES, AND WHERE THEY PASS BY, TIME FLIES AT AN INCREDIBLE RATE OF SPEED...

THE SCIENTISTS OF A NATION GATHER IN THE EMERGENCY, AMONG THEM GOVERNMENT NATURALIST TONI HARROW AND PHYSICIST BILL WEBSTER...
I SAY THIS IS A BOON TO SCIENCE! IMAGINE BEING ABLE TO STUDY LIVING CRO-MAGNON MEN--MILLION YEAR-OLD FLYING REPTILES!
THEY'RE A MENACE! THEY'VE GOT TO BE DESTROYED! CAN'T YOU SEE WHAT THEY'VE ALREADY DONE?

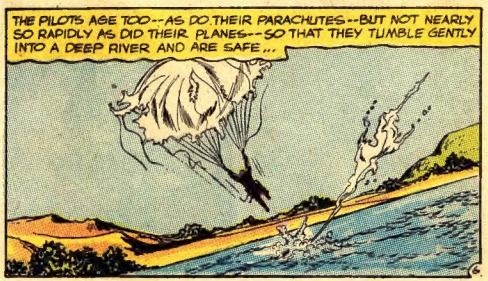

NATURALIST TONI HARROW WINS HER ARGUMENT. GREAT STEEL NETS ARE PREPARED AND CARRIED HIGH BY HELICOPTERS..
LET 'ER GO! WE MUST CAPTURE THEM ALIVE!

BUT AS THE GREAT NET DROPS WITHIN 25 YARDS OF THE PRE-HISTORIC CREATURES--IT AGES SWIFTLY AND SOON TURNS TO POWDER...
ANYTHING THAT GETS TOO CLOSE TO THEM--GROWS OLD IN PROPORTION TO ITS NEARNESS!


TOO DANGEROUS TO BE ALLOWED TO ROAM AT LARGE, SCIENCE RELUCTANTLY SENDS INTERCEPTOR PLANES ALOFT TO "HOUND" THE MENACE...

OGG SHOUTS, "AIR DEMONS!" AND HURLS HIS SPEAR. MAGOG DOES BATTLE NOT FAR AWAY...

AS THE GLOWING SPEARS THUD INTO THE PLANES, THEY SUCCUMB TO THE STRANGE FORCE WHICH AGES ANYTHING THE SPEARHEADS TOUCH...


THE PILOTS AGE TOO--AS DO THEIR PARACHUTES--BUT NOT NEARLY SO RAPIDLY AS DID THEIR PLANES--SO THAT THEY TUMBLE GENTLY INTO A DEEP RIVER AND ARE SAFE...

WITHIN THE HOUR THE PILOTS FACE NATURALIST TONI HARROW AND PHYSICIST BILL WEBSTER...

QUITE OBVIOUSLY, BY TRAVELING SO FAR IN TIME, THE CRO-MAGNON SPEARHEADS HAVE ABSORBED A KIND OF TIME-RADIATION.

IT'S THIS DEADLY RADIATION THAT AGES EVERYTHING THE SPEARHEADS TOUCH OR WHATEVER COMES WITHIN 25 YARDS OF THEM.

RELUCTANTLY, BOTH SCIENCE AND THE AUTHORITIES AGREE THAT THEY MUST UTTERLY DESTROY THEIR VISITORS FROM TIME. MIGHTY FLYING MISSILES--EACH EQUIPPED WITH A NUCLEAR WARHEAD--HURTLE TOWARD "TARGET CRO-MAGNON"...

I HOPE THIS WORKS, BILL!

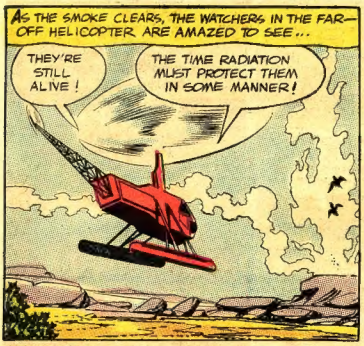
IT HAS TO WORK, TONI--OR THE WORLD IS DOOMED!

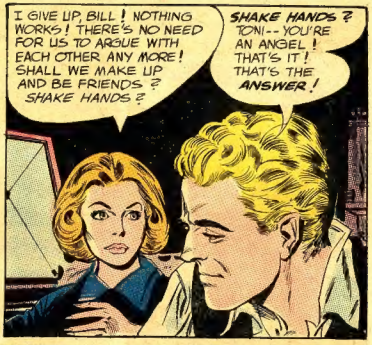
FAR BELOW THE ONCOMING ATOM BOMBS, OGG AND MAGOG RECOVER THEIR HURLED SPEARS NEAR A DEER THAT OGG HAS SLAIN. OGG IS HUNGRY, SO HUNGRY HIS STOMACH HURTS. OGG SAYS, "DEER TOO OLD TO EAT. ROTTEN!"

MAGOG TOO, IS STARVING. IT HAS BEEN THOUSANDS OF YEARS SINCE HE HAS EATEN! ALL HE KNOWS IS THAT IF HE DOES NOT GET FOOD SOON, HE WILL DIE. BUT EVERYTHING HE COMES NEAR BECOMES TOO OLD TO EAT...

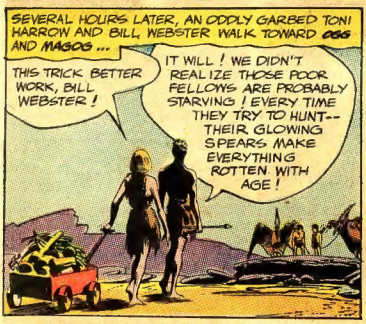
AT THAT INSTANT THE NUCLEAR BOMBS ARE DETONATED. A GIGANTIC MUSHROOM CLOUD ERUPTS ABOVE THE PLATEAU WHERE OGG AND MAGOG HUNT FRUITLESSLY...

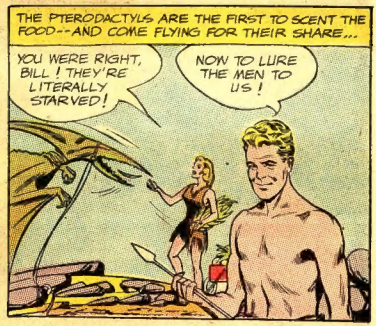
WOOOOOOOM!

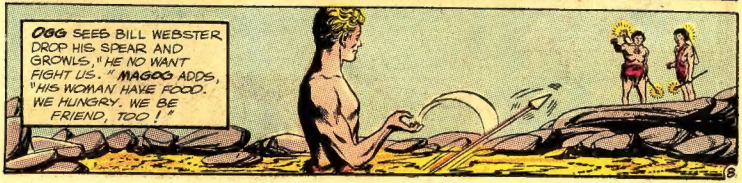

AS THE SMOKE CLEARS, THE WATCHERS IN THE FAR-OFF HELICOPTER ARE AMAZED TO SEE...
THEY'RE STILL ALIVE!
THE TIME RADIATION MUST PROTECT THEM IN SOME MANNER!


I GIVE UP, BILL! NOTHING WORKS! THERE'S NO NEED FOR US TO ARGUE WITH EACH OTHER ANY MORE! SHALL WE MAKE UP AND BE FRIENDS? SHAKE HANDS?
SHAKE HANDS? TONI--YOU'RE AN ANGEL! THAT'S IT! THAT'S THE ANSWER!

WHAT DID I SAY? WHAT ANSWER ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
SHAKE HANDS! OUR CUSTOM OF SHAKING HANDS IS A CARRY-OVER FROM OLDEN TIMES WHEN MEN SHOOK HANDS--AFTER FIRST DROPPING THEIR WEAPONS--TO SHOW THEY WERE UNARMED AND FRIENDLY! TONI--WE HAVE WORK TO DO!


SEVERAL HOURS LATER, AN ODDLY GARBED TONI HARROW AND BILL WEBSTER WALK TOWARD OGG AND MAGOO...
THIS TRICK BETTER WORK, BILL WEBSTER!
IT WILL! WE DIDN'T REALIZE THOSE POOR FELLOWS ARE PROBABLY STARVING! EVERY TIME THEY TRY TO HUNT--THEIR GLOWING SPEARS MAKE EVERYTHING ROTTEN WITH AGE!


THE PTERODACTYLS ARE THE FIRST TO SCENT THE FOOD--AND COME FLYING FOR THEIR SHARE...
YOU WERE RIGHT, BILL! THEY'RE LITERALLY STARVED!
NOW TO LURE THE MEN TO US!


OGG SEES BILL WEBSTER DROP HIS SPEAR AND GROWLS, "HE NO WANT FIGHT US." MAGOO ADDS, "HIS WOMAN HAVE FOOD. WE HUNGRY. WE BE FRIEND, TOO!"

OGG AND MAGOG DROP THEIR SPEARS AND TROT FORWARD, THE FOOD DRAWING THEM LIKE A MAGNET...

IT'S WORKING! HERE THEY COME!

NOW WE CAN DROP A PLASTIC DOME OVER THEIR SPEARS-- AND PREVENT THEIR DEADLY TIME-RADIATION FROM EVER HARMING ANYONE AGAIN!

AS OGG AND MAGOG EAT, HELICOPTERS LOWER A GREAT DOME AROUND THEIR WEAPONS WHICH WILL KEEP THEM FOR-EVER CUT OFF FROM THE WORLD...

IF EVERY-ONE WOULD ONLY THROW DOWN THEIR WEAPONS AND MAKE PEACE, THE WORLD WOULD BE A PRETTY WON-DERFUL PLACE.

YES, MY CAVEMAN HERO!

LATER, AFTER OGG AND MAGOG HAVE BEEN TAKEN TO A SPECIAL LABORATORY WITH THEIR PTERO-DACTYLS WHERE THEY WILL LIVE IN COMFORT AND SECURITY.

YOU KNOW, YOU WERE QUITE A BEAUTY AS A CAVE GIRL, TONI! I WONDER HOW COUPLES GOT MARRIED IN THOSE DAYS?

I HAVEN'T THE FAINTEST IDEA! I'M MORE CON-CERNED WITH HOW A GIRL CAN GET MARRIED THESE DAYS!

THERE'S YOUR ANSWER! WHY DON'T WE GO IN THERE AND MAKE OUR NEW PARTNERSHIP-- PERMANENT!

THAT'S ONE THING I WON'T ARGUE WITH YOU ABOUT!

MARRIAGE LICENSE BUREAU

The End

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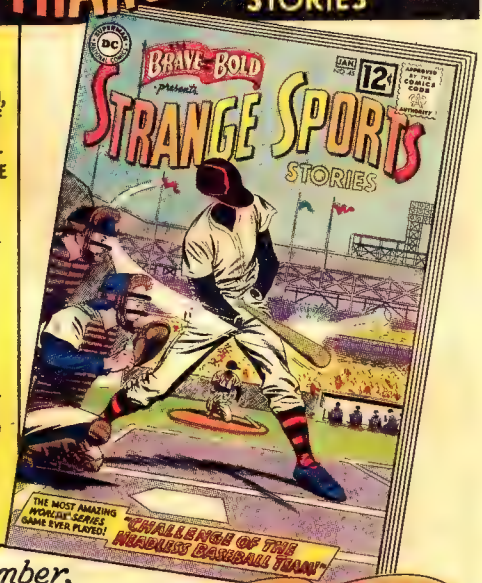

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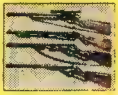
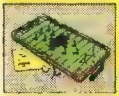


4 DAISY AIR RIFLES



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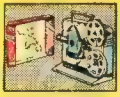

MOVIE PROJECTOR

PARACHUTE ROCKET

BOY'S OR GIRL'S BIKE

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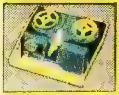
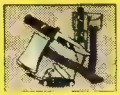


TAPE RECORDER



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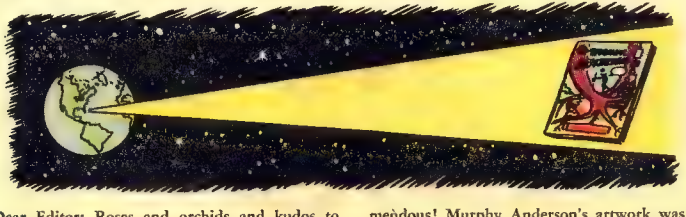
Town _____ State _____

SPOTLIGHT ON STRANGE ADVENTURES



Dear Editor: Roses and orchids and kudos to Murphy Anderson for his more-than-excellent cover on the August issue of *Strange Adventures*. This is the best wash drawing I have ever seen. I can't praise it enough. Gorgeous . . . gorgeous!

The story, "Face in the Atom Bomb Cloud," added more credit to this fine cover. The inside illustrations were also as good.

"The Two-Way Time Traveler" reminds me of a science-fiction story I once read in a book, but this one was handled much better.

The *Star Hawkins* story was okay—and that's all I can say about it.

SPOTLIGHT ON STRANGE ADVENTURES is my favorite letter column. I'd like to see it expanded to two pages, even if it eliminates the SPOTLIGHT ON SCIENCE department. Windell Mabry, writing in your August SOSA column, is full of hot air. He contradicts himself when he says, "The idea of a man living after having been turned into a solid element is ridiculous." He then goes on to explain how this is scientifically impossible, and then concludes, "I'll stick to science-fiction, thank you." That particular story was just that—science-fiction, and he kicks it for not being science-fact. He probably reads Einstein's theories for science-fiction.

There is just one thing about *SA* that bothers me. It is in every issue. You know how little things bother people, don't you? It sounds silly . . . but look at the T in the word STRANGE that appears on every cover title. Notice how all the lines are not connected to give the 3-D effect. All the lines in the T in ADVENTURE are connected . . . it's so disturbing. Can't you please connect that last line before it drives me out of my mind?

FRED BRONSON,
11620 Port Road, Culver City, Calif.

(Strange, isn't it, that after almost 150 issues (starting way back when Strange Adventures *first appeared in August-September, 1950) that no one else noticed the T-defect you point out! We hope to correct this as soon as possible—which ought to suit you to a "T"!* —Editor)

* * *

Dear Editor: I've seen many a comics cover, but the one on August *Strange Adventures* beats them all! It was beautiful, captivating, fascinating, tremendous! Murphy Anderson's artwork was terrific. The cover story, which was second best of the issue, was also very good. Tell me, before I go mad, where are Mr. Anderson's initials?

The best story—beating out your cover one—was the highly original "Two-Way Time Traveler." I recognize the work of Murphy Anderson, but who inked his pencils?

You've promised a two-part novel of the *Atomic Knights* in the next, September issue. About time! Please give this terrific team more and longer stories (a complete book-length in the near future, I hope). This band is my (and judging from the fan mail, everyone's) favorite series in *SA*.

By all means, keep SPOTLIGHT ON SCIENCE! Your SPOTLIGHT ON STRANGE ADVENTURES has been very interesting of late, but so has the science Q&A department. For example, the column in the August *SA* held some interesting information on magnetism . . . which wasn't mentioned in my school Physics book!

LEOPOLD BEAUDET,
College Militaire Royal, St. Jean, Quebec

(In the first letter we had to save Fred Bronson from going out of his mind; now it's our solemn duty to save Leopold Beaudet from going mad! If you look closely—very closely—at the opening splash page of "The Face in the Atom Bomb Cloud," you'll notice under the C of the title-word CLOUD an outline of the letter M (unfortunately, it didn't reproduce too well, but it was there in the original artwork); under the exclamation point at the end of CLOUD, you can make out the letter A (of which the dot in the ! is a part). And to further maintain your sanity, the inking of "Two-Way Time Traveler" was done by Joe Giella. Finally, how about that terrific Atomic Knights *double-lengther in this issue? We believe this is the first time New Orleans' famous jazz music has been incorporated into a comics story—and you can't "two-beat" that accomplishment!* —Editor)

* * *

Dear Editor: Who do you think you're kidding—saying that iron can be changed into manganese by the elimination of one electron from each atom of iron—as you did in "Face in the Atom

Bomb Cloud"? Have you forgotten about protons? A meteor could not come down upon an iron planet and change it to magnesium unless it destroyed one electron and one proton from each atom. And I need not remind you that destroying so much matter would create enough energy to blow up the planet—if not the solar system—with it.

Aside from that, the story was surprisingly realistic. That is a thing which is fast approaching the end in comic books today, unfortunately. Thanks for the best story I've ever seen in *Strange Adventures* in a long time.

DOUG STORER,
2019 Utah Avenue, Butte, Mont.

(Maybe we're not as up to date in science as we thought we were. In a science-fiction story that fascinated us in our youth, a scientist succeeded in accomplishing an age-old dream of transmuting mercury (80 electrons) into gold (79) by stripping the gold of one of its electrons. We thought we were on safe ground when we used the same principle to change manganese into iron. If we're wrong, we apologize; but if we're right—and we're hoping one of our scientific-minded readers can come to our rescue—we'll be expecting an apology from you! —Editor)

* * *

Dear Editor: Murphy Anderson's "wash" cover on *Strange Adventures* no. 143 was quite attractive. Recently the "wash" covers have become more popular with the fans, including yours truly! This type of cover though is very effective only when a lot of shading is employed as in the atom bomb blast and the space-capsule in this one.

"The Face in the Atom Bomb Cloud" was quite novel; I can't recall reading a story which resembled this one even a little. Gardner Fox (who I assumed authored the tale) never fails to amaze me; he continually manages to conceive original science-fiction stories in a field where most of the story lines are well-worn. For example: the alien invasion of earth theme has long been overused, yet Mr. Fox utilizes this theme and came up with a totally different angle in "Face in the Atom Bomb Cloud."

"The Two-Way Time Traveler" was distinctly different and superior to the average comic book s-f yarn. I was really baffled as to how Tod White would escape his swing back and forth in time—if you'll pardon the pun—"in time"!

The *Star Hawkins* series has always been a great favorite of mine, and no wonder! "Case of the Unwanted Robot" is a story which typifies the series—a solid plot combined with a little humor. Ilda, the robot, was really an inspired character, and makes the strip what it is.

MELVIN HERBERS,
225 Gates Avenue, Elyria, Ohio

(Gardner Fox never ceases to amaze us either. Imagine our surprise when we picked up a paperback book written by Gardner Fox—a modern version of the Jules Verne classic, "Five Weeks in a Balloon"—and saw the inscription, "This book is dedicated to my good friend, Julius Schwartz"! —who is ye Editor)

* * *

Dear Editor: I am overwhelmed by your August *Strange Adventures* cover! I only wish I was able to describe in words the beauty of the cover; it is truly a work of art. Murphy Anderson and your coloring staff deserve all the praise possible for this cover.

"The Case of the Unwanted Robot" wasn't a bad story; it contained some enjoyable scenes. I just don't like *Star Hawkins* and thusly the story didn't appeal to me too much. One way in which this series could be improved is to make it a more or less comedy feature. In past stories, I liked *Star Hawkins* a little in that it presented a sort of satire on the ridiculous private eye shows on television.

"The Face in the Atom Bomb Cloud" was a very fine story. I like the way it started with the atom bomb clouds being a mystery. I liked the sequences in outer space very much, and I like the way the aliens were defeated at the end. Quite suspenseful. The artwork was superb, and the drawings of the atom bomb clouds "out of this world"!

However, in my opinion, the jewel of the entire issue was "The Two-Way Time Traveler." Certainly it should win the prize as the most unique and different story of the year, for it certainly didn't contain any cliches. Turning the hero of the story into a living pendulum was an excellent bit of creativeness. Then I liked the quick thinking on Tod White's part to inform the doctor of the future to record his case so that doctors of the far future could cure him.

Stories about time travel have always intrigued me since the dimension of time is such a perplexing paradox in itself. Carmine Infantino, artwork was superb as was Joe Giella's inking. I was particularly taken with the splash panel, a superb piece of art. What I liked about it was the lone figure of Tod White in the center and the equal balance of perspective on both sides. As for the inside art, it, too, was excellent. As usual, I was fascinated with Infantino's ultra-creative vehicles and buildings of the future.

PAUL SEYDOR; R.D. 1, Imperial, Pa.

(Ol' reliable Paul Seydor winds up this issue's comments in his inimitable, enthusiastic style. There's nothing we can add to his plus value rating. —Editor)

Communications to this department should be sent to SPOTLIGHT ON STRANGE ADVENTURES, National Periodical Publications, 575 Lexington Avenue, New York 22, N.Y.

The Atomic Knights

GARDNER GRAYLE-- LEADER OF THE ATOMIC KNIGHTS

DOUGLAS HERALD-- SCHOOLTEACHER

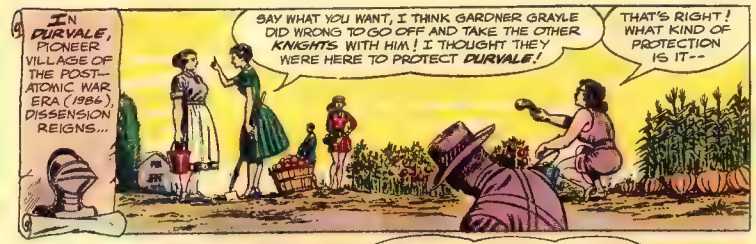
MARENE-- HERALD'S SISTER

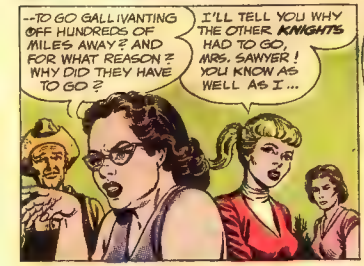
BRYNDON-- ONE OF THE LAST SCIENTISTS LEFT ALIVE ON EARTH

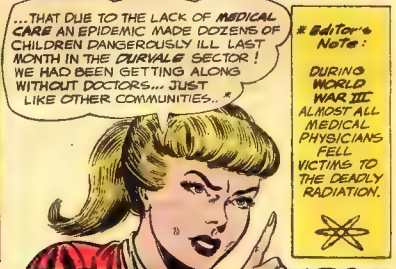
WAYNE + HOLLIS HOBARD-- BROTHERS, EX-SOLDIERS AND LOYAL ATOMIC KNIGHTS

ON A MISSION OF UTMOST URGENCY, THE ATOMIC KNIGHTS--GUARDIANS OF LAW AND ORDER IN THE ERA AFTER WORLD WAR III--CAME ALL THE WAY DOWN THE MIGHTY MISSISSIPPI RIVER--ONLY TO MEET HEAD-ON THE CRUEL MINIONS OF A RUTHLESS MONARCH, UNDER ORDERS TO DESTROY THE "ARMORED INVADERS"!

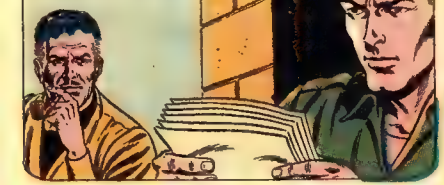
The KING of New Orleans!

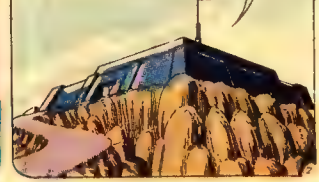

IN DURVALE, PIONEER VILLAGE OF THE POST-ATOMIC WAR ERA (1984), DISSENSION REIGNS...
SAY WHAT YOU WANT, I THINK GARDNER GRAYLE DID WRONG TO GO OFF AND TAKE THE OTHER KNIGHTS WITH HIM! I THOUGHT THEY WERE HERE TO PROTECT DURVALE!
THAT'S RIGHT! WHAT KIND OF PROTECTION IS IT--

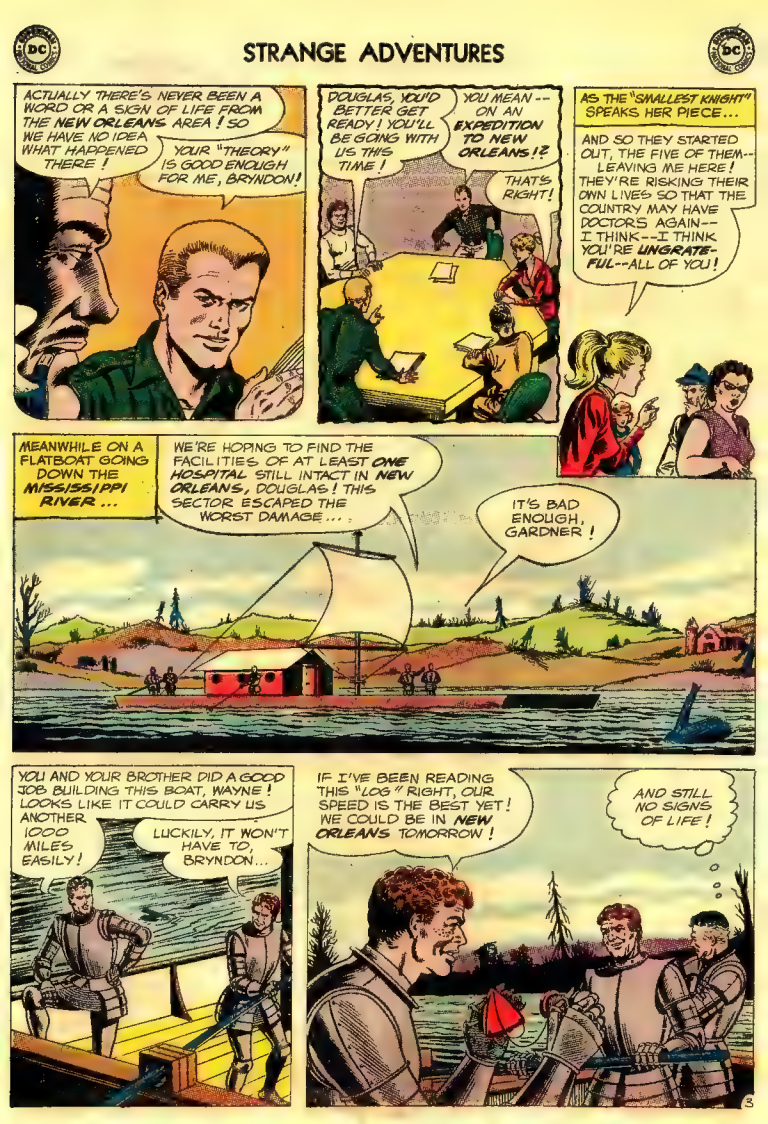

--TO GO GALLIVANTING OFF HUNDREDS OF MILES AWAY? AND FOR WHAT REASON? WHY DID THEY HAVE TO GO?
I'LL TELL YOU WHY THE OTHER KNIGHTS HAD TO GO, MRS. SAWYER! YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I...

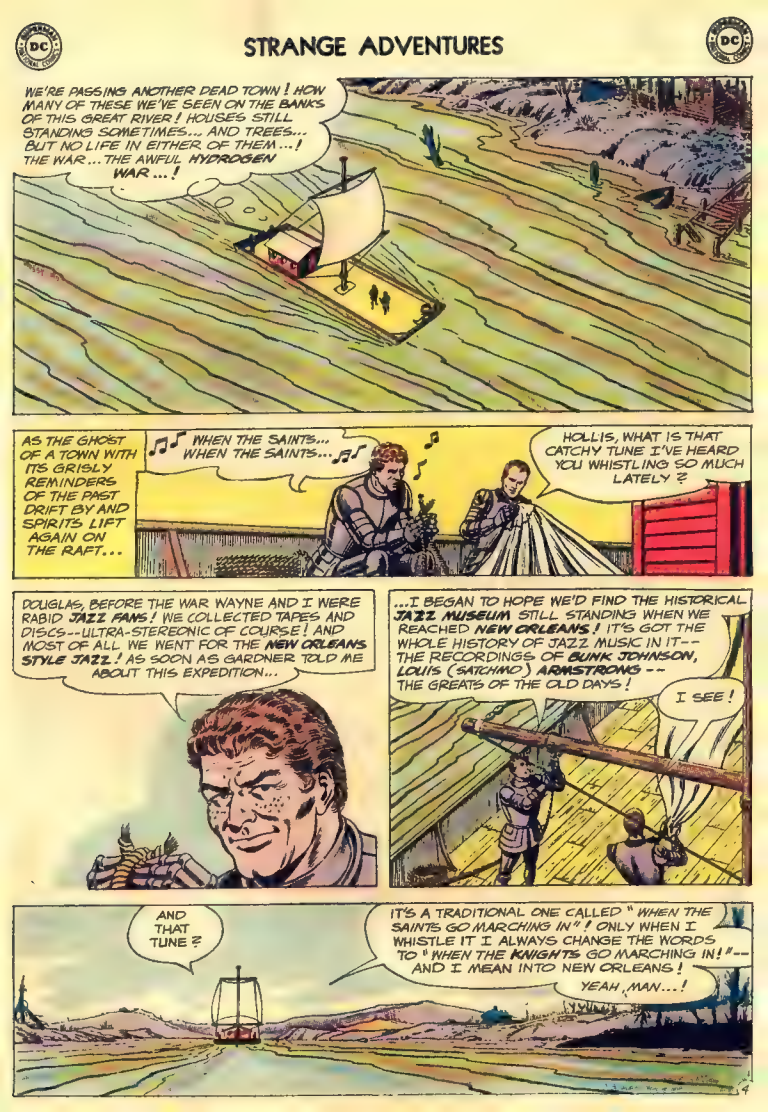

...THAT DUE TO THE LACK OF MEDICAL CARE AN EPIDEMIC MADE DOZENS OF CHILDREN DANGEROUSLY ILL LAST MONTH IN THE DURVALE SECTOR! WE HAD BEEN GETTING ALONG WITHOUT DOCTORS... JUST LIKE OTHER COMMUNITIES..."
* Editor's Note: DURING WORLD WAR III ALMOST ALL MEDICAL PHYSICIANS FELL VICTIMS TO THE DEADLY RADIATION.

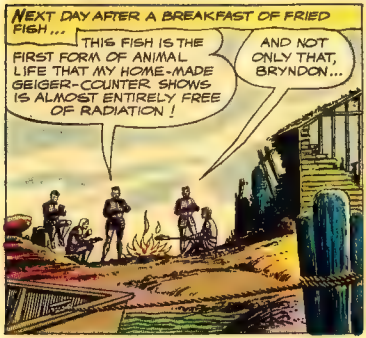
"...AND THE ATOMIC KNIGHTS, LED BY GARDNER GRAYLE DECIDED TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT..."
GARDNER, WE'VE GOT TO HAVE DOCTORS! THIS COUNTRY--THE WORLD--WILL NEVER GET ON ITS FEET AGAIN UNLESS WE CAN FIGHT DISEASE!
THAT'S THE CONCLUSION WE'VE ALL COME TO, DOUGLAS! IN FACT--

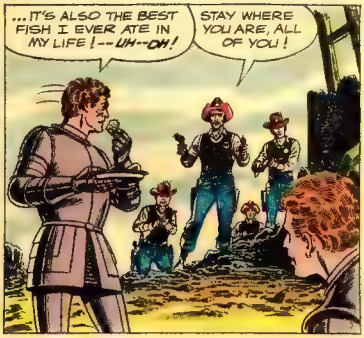

--WE'VE JUST ABOUT DECIDED WE MUST START A MEDICAL SCHOOL TO TRAIN DOCTORS AGAIN--NO MATTER HOW SMALL IT IS TO BEGIN WITH! HERE'S A REPORT MADE BY SCIENTIST BRYNDON ON THE MOST LIKELY SITE FOR THE SCHOOL!


ACCORDING TO OUR ESTEEMED COLLEAGUE, THE CITY WHICH SUFFERED THE LEAST DAMAGE FROM THE TERRIBLE RADIATION WAS NEW ORLEANS!
BUT, OF COURSE, THAT'S JUST THEORY, DOUGLAS--BASED ON WHAT DATA I COULD COLLECT...


ACTUALLY THERE'S NEVER BEEN A WORD OR A SIGN OF LIFE FROM THE NEW ORLEANS AREA! SO WE HAVE NO IDEA WHAT HAPPENED THERE!
YOUR "THEORY" IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME, BRYNDON!
DOUGLAS, YOU'D BETTER GET READY! YOU'LL BE GOING WITH US THIS TIME!
YOU MEAN -- ON AN EXPEDITION TO NEW ORLEANS!?
THAT'S RIGHT!
AS THE "SMALLEST KNIGHT" SPEAKS HER PIECE...
AND SO THEY STARTED OUT, THE FIVE OF THEM-- LEAVING ME HERE! THEY'RE RISKING THEIR OWN LIVES SO THAT THE COUNTRY MAY HAVE DOCTORS AGAIN-- I THINK--I THINK YOU'RE UNGRATEFUL--ALL OF YOU!
MEANWHILE ON A FLATBOAT GOING DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER...
WE'RE HOPING TO FIND THE FACILITIES OF AT LEAST ONE HOSPITAL STILL INTACT IN NEW ORLEANS, DOUGLAS! THIS SECTOR ESCAPED THE WORST DAMAGE...
IT'S BAD ENOUGH, GARDNER!
YOU AND YOUR BROTHER DID A GOOD JOB BUILDING THIS BOAT, WAYNE! LOOKS LIKE IT COULD CARRY US ANOTHER 1000 MILES EASILY!
LUCKILY, IT WON'T HAVE TO, BRYNDON...
IF I'VE BEEN READING THIS "LOG" RIGHT, OUR SPEED IS THE BEST YET! WE COULD BE IN NEW ORLEANS TOMORROW!
AND STILL NO SIGNS OF LIFE!


WE'RE PASSING ANOTHER DEAD TOWN! HOW MANY OF THESE WE'VE SEEN ON THE BANKS OF THIS GREAT RIVER! HOUSES STILL STANDING SOMETIMES... AND TREES... BUT NO LIFE IN EITHER OF THEM...! THE WAR... THE AWFUL HYDROGEN WAR...!
AS THE GHOST OF A TOWN WITH ITS GRISLY REMINDERS OF THE PAST DRIFT BY AND SPIRITS LIFT AGAIN ON THE RAFT...
WHEN THE SAINTS... WHEN THE SAINTS...
HOLLIS, WHAT IS THAT CATCHY TUNE I'VE HEARD YOU WHISTLING SO MUCH LATELY?
DOUGLAS, BEFORE THE WAR WAYNE AND I WERE RABID JAZZ FANS! WE COLLECTED TAPES AND DISCS--ULTRA-STEREONIC OF COURSE! AND MOST OF ALL WE WENT FOR THE NEW ORLEANS STYLE JAZZ! AS SOON AS GARDNER TOLD ME ABOUT THIS EXPEDITION...
...I BEGAN TO HOPE WE'D FIND THE HISTORICAL JAZZ MUSEUM STILL STANDING WHEN WE REACHED NEW ORLEANS! IT'S GOT THE WHOLE HISTORY OF JAZZ MUSIC IN IT-- THE RECORDINGS OF BUNK JOHNSON, LOUIS (SATCHMO) ARMSTRONG -- THE GREATS OF THE OLD DAYS!
I SEE!
AND THAT TUNE?
IT'S A TRADITIONAL ONE CALLED "WHEN THE SAINTS GO MARCHING IN"! ONLY WHEN I WHISTLE IT I ALWAYS CHANGE THE WORDS TO "WHEN THE KNIGHTS GO MARCHING IN!"-- AND I MEAN INTO NEW ORLEANS!
YEAH, MAN...!


NEXT DAY AFTER A BREAKFAST OF FRIED FISH...
THIS FISH IS THE FIRST FORM OF ANIMAL LIFE THAT MY HOME-MADE GEIGER-COUNTER SHOWS IS ALMOST ENTIRELY FREE OF RADIATION!
AND NOT ONLY THAT, BRYNDON...

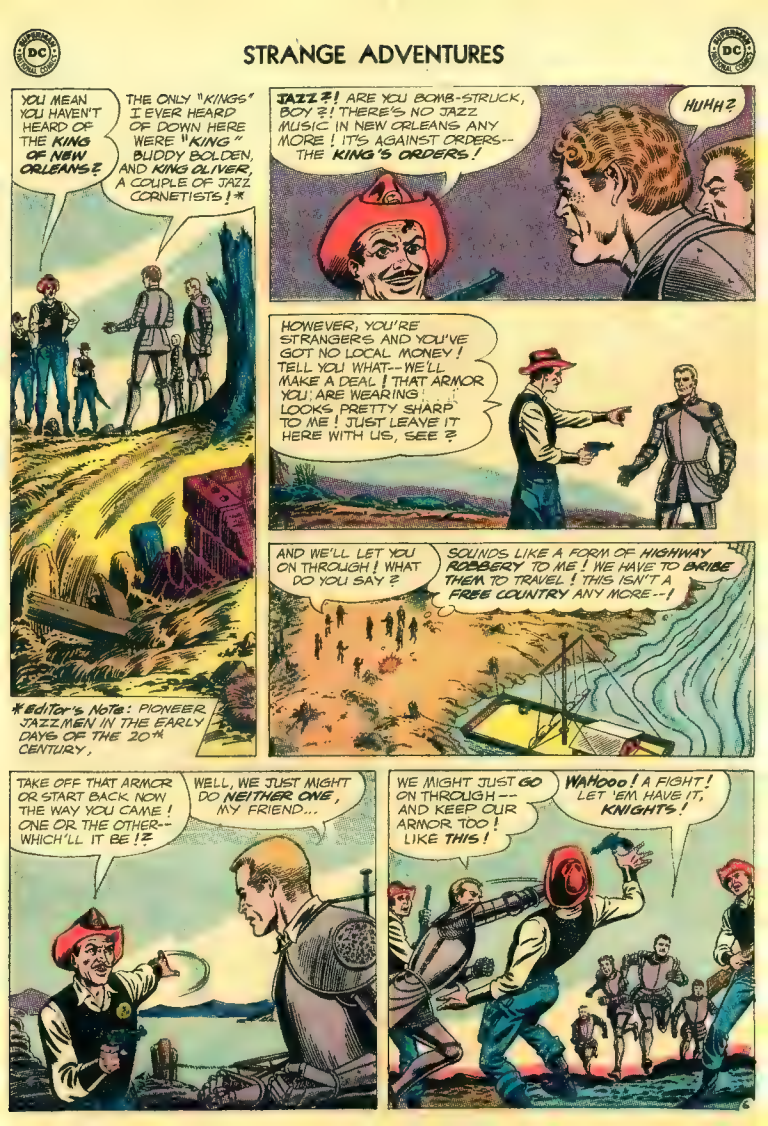

...IT'S ALSO THE BEST FISH I EVER ATE IN MY LIFE!--UH--OH!
STAY WHERE YOU ARE, ALL OF YOU!

AS THE NEWCOMERS BRISKLY SEARCH THE FIVE VOYAGERS..
THEY DON'T SEEM TO HAVE ANY WEAPONS!
SAY, WHAT IS THIS ALL ABOUT? WHO ARE YOU MEN?

WE'LL ASK THE QUESTIONS, MISTER! WHAT DO YOU PEOPLE WANT? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
WE'RE CALLED THE ATOMIC KNIGHTS, MY FRIEND! WHERE WE COME FROM--IN DURVALE TO THE NORTH--
--WE REPRESENT THE FORCES OF LAW AND ORDER! DOES THAT SATISFY YOU?

NOT SO MUCH, IT DOESN'T! THIS ISN'T DURVALE! YOU'VE GOT TO HAVE EITHER NEW ORLEANS MONEY...

...OR THE KING'S PERMISSION IN WRITING... TO TRAVEL AROUND HERE!
THE KING--!?
Whew! WHAT HAVE WE COME UP AGAINST HERE?


YOU MEAN YOU HAVEN'T HEARD OF THE KING OF NEW ORLEANS?
THE ONLY "KINGS" I EVER HEARD OF DOWN HERE WERE "KING" BUDDY BOLDEN, AND KING OLIVER, A COUPLE OF JAZZ CORNETISTS!*
*EDITOR'S NOTE: PIONEER JAZZMEN IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE 20th CENTURY.
JAZZ?! ARE YOU BOMB-STRUCK, BOY?! THERE'S NO JAZZ MUSIC IN NEW ORLEANS ANY MORE! IT'S AGAINST ORDERS-- THE KING'S ORDERS!
HUHH?
HOWEVER, YOU'RE STRANGERS AND YOU'VE GOT NO LOCAL MONEY! TELL YOU WHAT--WE'LL MAKE A DEAL! THAT ARMOR YOU ARE WEARING LOOKS PRETTY SHARP TO ME! JUST LEAVE IT HERE WITH US, SEE?
AND WE'LL LET YOU ON THROUGH! WHAT DO YOU SAY?
SOUNDS LIKE A FORM OF HIGHWAY ROBBERY TO ME! WE HAVE TO BRIBE THEM TO TRAVEL! THIS ISN'T A FREE COUNTRY ANY MORE--!
TAKE OFF THAT ARMOR OR START BACK NOW THE WAY YOU CAME! ONE OR THE OTHER-- WHICH'LL IT BE!?
WELL, WE JUST MIGHT DO NEITHER ONE, MY FRIEND...
WE MIGHT JUST GO ON THROUGH-- AND KEEP OUR ARMOR TOO! LIKE THIS!
WAHOOO! A FIGHT! LET 'EM HAVE IT, KNIGHTS!

TOOK THEM BY SURPRISE! SEEMS THE KING'S AUTHORITY IS NEVER QUESTIONED AROUND HERE!

IT IS NOW-- BY THE ATOMIC KNIGHTS!

AN OLD ARMY GRENADE! LOOK OUT--

NO TIME FOR US TO GET OUT OF RANGE...!

INSTANTLY GARDNER ACTS...

ONE CHANCE...

VOOOMP!

THEN, AFTER A BREATHLESS MOMENT FOR THE FIVE VOYAGERS...

WELL, WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR, KNIGHTS? LET'S GO GET 'EM!

THE GRENADE JUST DENTED GARDNER'S ARMOR!

SPURRED BY THE COURAGE OF THEIR INSPIRED LEADER, THE ARMORED FIGHTERS SOON SEND THEIR FOES OFF IN HEADLONG FLIGHT...

BOY, LOOK AT THEM MAKE TRACKS!

LET THEM GO! I DON'T THINK THEY'LL BOTHER US ANYMORE!

THEN WE ARE GOING ON TO NEW ORLEANS, GARDNER?

WE SURE ARE AND NO ONE IS GOING TO STOP US, BRYNDON! MORE THAN EVER I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT... THIS AREA OUGHT TO HAVE THE DOCTORS AND THE MEDICAL FACILITIES WE NEED!

ONCE MORE THE FLAT-BOAT MOVES DOWN THE RIVER...

♪♪♪

♪♪ WHEN THE KNIGHTS... WHEN THE KNIGHTS... ♪♪

♪♪♪ ... WHEN THE KNIGHTS GO MARCHING IN!! ♪♪♪

♪♪ I WANT TO BE IN THAT NUMBER... WHEN THE KNIGHTS GO MARCHING IN!! ♪♪

STORY CONTINUED ON 3RD PAGE FOLLOWING!

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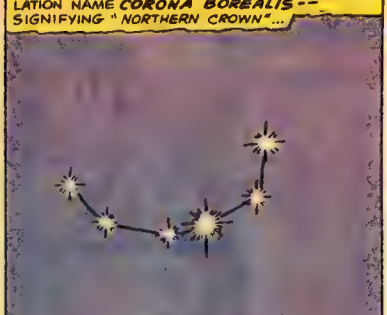
STAR NAMES

BECAUSE A NORTHERN CONSTELLATION WAS FANCIED TO HAVE THE OUTLINE OF A GIRAFFE, IT WAS GIVEN THE NAME *CAMELOPARDALIS*, THE GREEK WORD FOR GIRAFFE...

THE TIARA-LIKE SHAPE OF A SERIES OF STARS IN THE NORTHERN SKY INSPIRED THE CONSTELLATION NAME *CORONA BOREALIS*-- SIGNIFYING "NORTHERN CROWN"...



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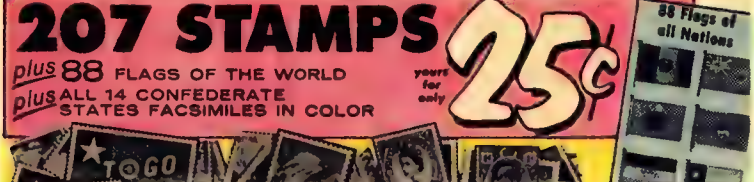

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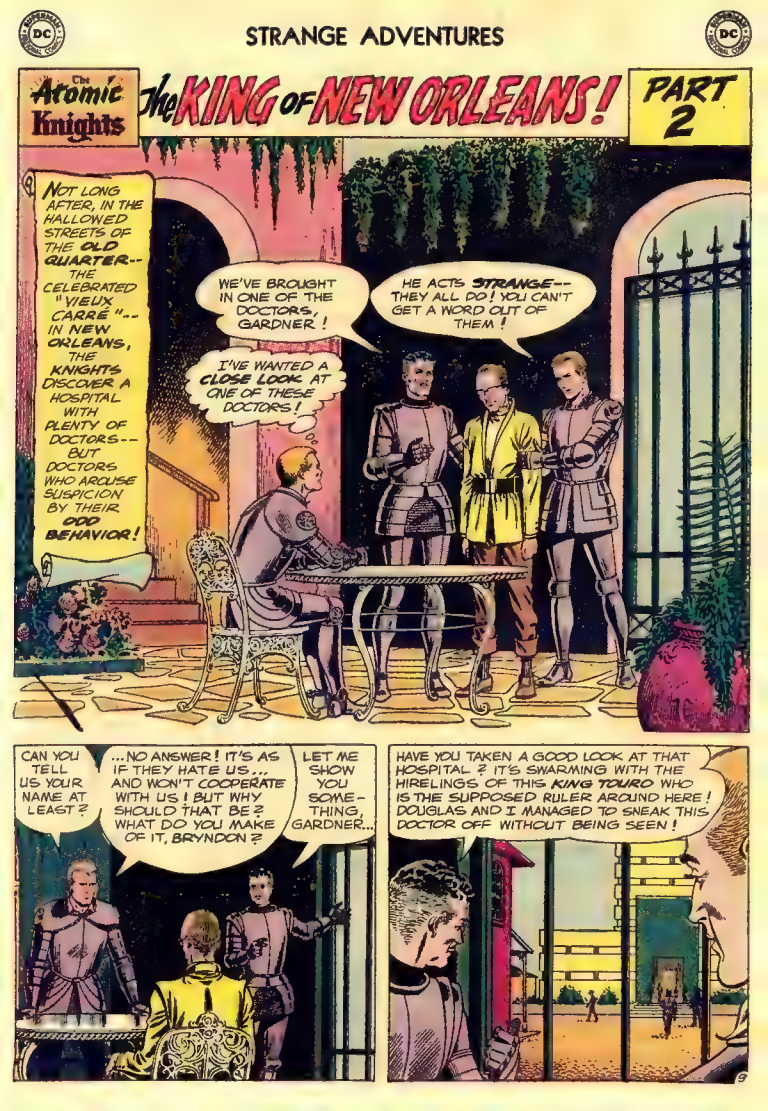

The Atomic Knights
The KING OF NEW ORLEANS!
PART 2
NOT LONG AFTER, IN THE HALLOWED STREETS OF THE OLD QUARTER-- THE CELEBRATED "VIEUX CARRÉ"-- IN NEW ORLEANS, THE KNIGHTS DISCOVER A HOSPITAL WITH PLENTY OF DOCTORS-- BUT DOCTORS WHO AROUSE SUSPICION BY THEIR ODD BEHAVIOR!
WE'VE BROUGHT IN ONE OF THE DOCTORS, GARDNER!
HE ACTS STRANGE-- THEY ALL DO! YOU CAN'T GET A WORD OUT OF THEM!
I'VE WANTED A CLOSE LOOK AT ONE OF THESE DOCTORS!
CAN YOU TELL US YOUR NAME AT LEAST?
...NO ANSWER! IT'S AS IF THEY HATE US... AND WON'T COOPERATE WITH US! BUT WHY SHOULD THAT BE? WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, BRYNDON?
LET ME SHOW YOU SOMETHING, GARDNER...
HAVE YOU TAKEN A GOOD LOOK AT THAT HOSPITAL? IT'S SWARMING WITH THE HIRELINGS OF THIS KING TOURO WHO IS THE SUPPOSED RULER AROUND HERE! DOUGLAS AND I MANAGED TO SNEAK THIS DOCTOR OFF WITHOUT BEING SEEN!

BUT WHY SHOULD ARMED MEN SURROUND A HOSPITAL? AND WHY DO THE DOCTORS ACT SO STRANGELY? SINCE WE ARRIVED HERE YESTERDAY AND DISCOVERED THIS SITUATION, I'VE BEEN TOYING WITH A CERTAIN NOTION...

WHAT'S THAT, BRYNDON?

AS THE STERN-FACED SCIENTIST--MEMBER OF THE ATOMIC KNIGHTS SPEAKS HIS PIECE...

GARDNER, I'M BEGINNING TO THINK THAT THE HOSPITAL PLAYS A KEY ROLE IN THE NEW POST-ATOMIC-WAR SOCIETY DOWN HERE! WITH EPIDEMICS AND ILLNESS A TERRIBLE DANGER, WHOEVER CONTROLS THE DOCTORS, CONTROLS THE PEOPLE!

I SEE WHAT YOU'RE DRIVING AT...

IN MY VIEW THIS KING TOURO WOULD GO TO ANY LENGTHS TO CONTROL THE DOCTORS! IN FACT, I THINK HE'S MANAGED TO DO IT BY PUTTING THEM UNDER SOME KIND OF MYSTERIOUS DRUG-SPELL!

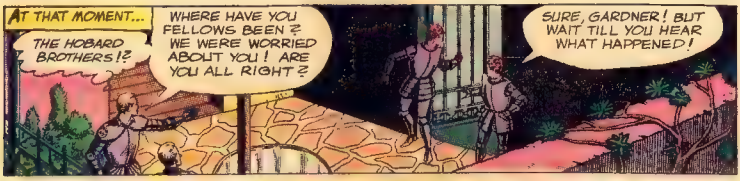
BRYNDON, I HAD THE SAME IDEA MYSELF!

IT ALL FITS! IT EXPLAINS THE ARMED GUARDS AROUND THE HOSPITAL--BECAUSE THE DOCTORS THERE ARE SO PRECIOUS TO THE KING!

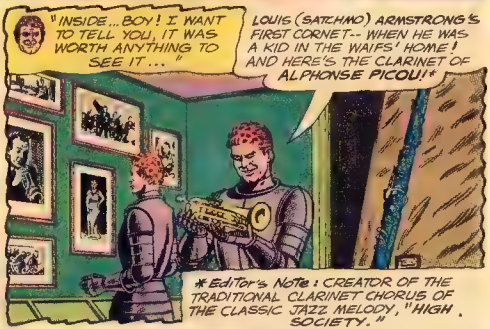
AND IT EXPLAINS WHY THE PHYSICIANS WON'T COOPERATE WITH US--BECAUSE THEY'RE NOT THEMSELVES--NOT IN CONTROL OF THEIR MINDS!

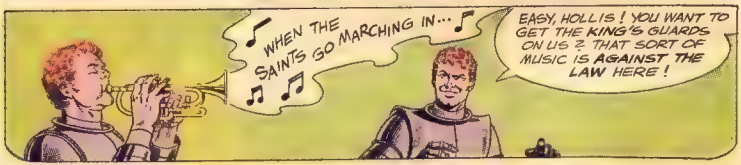
BUT HOW CAN WE GET THEM BACK TO THEMSELVES?

SOMEHOW WE MUST FIND A WAY, BRYNDON--TO BRING THEM OUT OF THEIR SPELL!

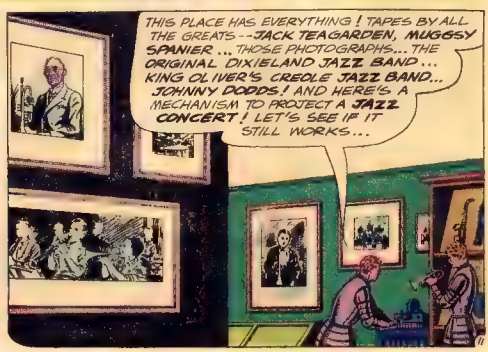

AT THAT MOMENT...
THE HOBARD BROTHERS!?
WHERE HAVE YOU FELLOWS BEEN? WE WERE WORRIED ABOUT YOU! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
SURE, GARDNER! BUT WAIT TILL YOU HEAR WHAT HAPPENED!

YOU TELL HIM, HOLLIS!
WELL, FIRST OF ALL WE FOUND THE JAZZ MUSEUM! IT'S JUST DOWN THE STREET! IT WAS LOCKED BUT WE GOT IN...


"INSIDE... BOY! I WANT TO TELL YOU, IT WAS WORTH ANYTHING TO SEE IT..."
LOUIS (SATCHMO) ARMSTRONG'S FIRST CORNET-- WHEN HE WAS A KID IN THE WAIFS' HOME! AND HERE'S THE CLARINET OF ALPHONSE PICOU!*
* EDITOR'S NOTE: CREATOR OF THE TRADITIONAL CLARINET CHORUS OF THE CLASSIC JAZZ MELODY, "HIGH SOCIETY."


WHEN THE SAINTS GO MARCHING IN...
EASY, HOLLIS! YOU WANT TO GET THE KING'S GUARDS ON US? THAT SORT OF MUSIC IS AGAINST THE LAW HERE!

AW, LET THE KING'S GUARDS FLY A KITE! I'M JUST TOO EXCITED TO CARE! WAYNE, DO YOU REALIZE WHAT THIS PLACE MEANS TO ME? IT'S LIKE A PROSPECTOR STUMBLING INTO A GOLD MINE! I FEEL LIKE A MILLIONAIRE!


THIS PLACE HAS EVERYTHING! TAPES BY ALL THE GREATS--JACK TEAGARDEN, MUGGSY SPANIER... THOSE PHOTOGRAPHS... THE ORIGINAL DIXIELAND JAZZ BAND... KING OLIVER'S CREOLE JAZZ BAND... JOHNNY DODDS! AND HERE'S A MECHANISM TO PROJECT A JAZZ CONCERT! LET'S SEE IF IT STILL WORKS...

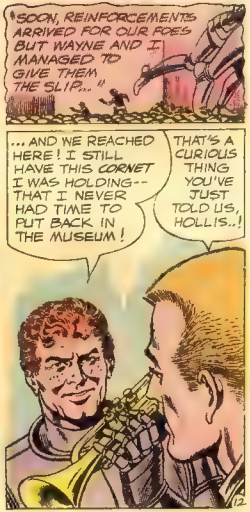
"THEN IT HAPPENED! I SWITCHED ON THE SONO-PROJECTOR AND TO OUR SURPRISE ITS N-BATTERIES WERE STILL CHARGED!"
BOY, WHAT A BEAT! THEY'RE PLAYING "THAT'S A-PLENTY"!

"BUT AT THAT MOMENT, JUST OUTSIDE..."
HEY, WHAT'S GOT INTO THIS DOCTOR? HE'S TRYING TO GET AWAY FROM US! GRAB HIM!
WAYNE, LOOK--!

HOW'D THE DOC CLEAR HIS MIND ENOUGH TO REBEL? SUDDENLY HE STARTED TO FIGHT US--
TWO AGAINST ONE! COME ON, HOLLIS--!

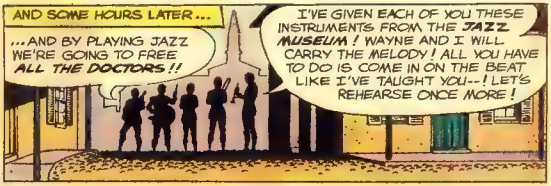
"WHILE WAYNE TACKLED ONE OF THE KING'S MEN, I TOOK ON THE OTHER ONE!..."
RUN, DOC! YOU WERE TRYING TO GET AWAY FROM THESE BULLY-BOYS! WE'RE GIVING YOU THE CHANCE--!
HUH?

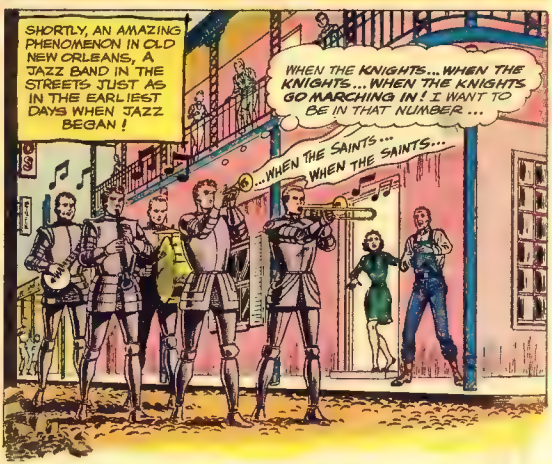
THANKS, WHOEVER YOU ARE--!
HE'S MAKING IT! IN ANY QUARREL BETWEEN THE DOCTORS HERE--AND THESE UNIFORMED CATS--I KNOW WHOSE SIDE I'M ON!


"SOON, REINFORCEMENTS ARRIVED FOR OUR FOES BUT WAYNE AND I MANAGED TO GIVE THEM THE SLIP..."
...AND WE REACHED HERE! I STILL HAVE THIS CORNET I WAS HOLDING--THAT I NEVER HAD TIME TO PUT BACK IN THE MUSEUM!
THAT'S A CURIOUS THING YOU'VE JUST TOLD US, HOLLIS..!

YOU SAY YOU SWITCHED ON THAT... SOND-PROJECTOR... AND THE JAZZ MUSIC CAME ON... AND A MOMENT OR SO LATER YOU HEARD NOISES OF THE FIGHT IN THE STREET BETWEEN THE DOCTOR AND THE KING'S THUGS!
THAT'S RIGHT, GARDNER! BUT--?
BRYNDON, ARE YOU THINKING WHAT I AM?
I BELIEVE SO, GARDNER! I'M WONDERING... IF THERE COULD BE ANY CONNECTION BETWEEN THOSE TWO EVENTS? WHAT MADE THAT DOCTOR SUDDENLY COME TO HIS SENSES ENOUGH TO TRY AND ESCAPE--?
IT COULD BE THAT IN SOME MANNER WE DON'T UNDERSTAND YET, THE MUSIC-- LOUD AND PULSE-QUICKENING AS IT IS-- ROUSED HIM OUT OF HIS DRUG-SPELL!!
EXACTLY! BUT WE CAN FIND OUT IF WE'RE ON THE RIGHT TRACK--
HOLLIS, YOU CAN BLOW THAT CORNET! MAKE SOME JAZZ MUSIC WITH IT--LOUD AND WITH A STRONG BEAT!
SURE THING, GARDNER! I KNOW JUST THE NUMBER-- "DIDN'T HE RAMBLE"!
GO AHEAD! AND PLAY IT LOUD AS YOU LIKE! WE WANT TO SEE IF IT HAS ANY EFFECT ON THIS DOCTOR!
BOY, I DON'T NEED TO BE ASKED MORE THAN ONCE! STAND BACK, EVERYBODY--
DIDN'T HE RAMBLE, HE RAMBLED ROUND THE TOWN...
KEEP GOING--!
DA DA DA
DA DA DA

AND AFTER A DOZEN BARS OR SO...
WHERE AM I? WHAT AM I DOING HERE?
IT WORKED!


AND SOME HOURS LATER...
...AND BY PLAYING JAZZ WE'RE GOING TO FREE ALL THE DOCTORS!!
I'VE GIVEN EACH OF YOU THESE INSTRUMENTS FROM THE JAZZ MUSEUM! WAYNE AND I WILL CARRY THE MELODY! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS COME IN ON THE BEAT LIKE I'VE TAUGHT YOU--! LET'S REHEARSE ONCE MORE!


SHORTLY, AN AMAZING PHENOMENON IN OLD NEW ORLEANS, A JAZZ BAND IN THE STREETS JUST AS IN THE EARLIEST DAYS WHEN JAZZ BEGAN!
WHEN THE KNIGHTS... WHEN THE KNIGHTS... WHEN THE KNIGHTS GO MARCHING IN! I WANT TO BE IN THAT NUMBER...
...WHEN THE SAINTS... WHEN THE SAINTS...

... WHEN THE KNIGHTS GO MARCHING IN!!
PLAYING FORBIDDEN MUSIC!?! SEIZE THEM!
DELTA HOSPITAL

WE PLAYED AND PLAYED-- BUT DID OUR PLAYING DO ANY GOOD? WE STILL DON'T KNOW...!
KING TOURO ALREADY HAS ORDERS OUT FOR THE ARREST OF THESE FIVE!

THEN, SUDDENLY...
THE DOCTORS--COMING TO OUR AID! THEY'VE SHAKEN OFF THE SPELL--THEY ARE THEIR NORMAL SELVES AGAIN!
DOWN WITH THE KING'S MEN!
TAKE THEIR GUNS AWAY!
DELTA HOSPITAL
CAUGHT BETWEEN THE TWO FIRES, THE KING'S MINIONS LOSE HEART...
THEY ARE GIVING UP! HOLLIS AND WAYNE--COLLECT THEIR WEAPONS!
THESE ARE OUR FRIENDS--THESE FIVE IN ARMOR!
ON TO KING TOURO'S PALACE!
SOON, AS THE POPULACE LED BY THE REAWAKENED DOCTORS RISES UP AGAINST ITS WICKED RULER...
KING TOURO--YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!
LOOKS LIKE WE SURE STARTED SOMETHING IN THIS CITY!
IN DUE COURSE, SOME DAYS LATER...
PRISONER, YOU HAVE BEEN FOUND GUILTY OF CASTING A SPELL OVER THE DOCTORS IN THIS CITY BY SUBJECTING THEM TO CERTAIN ULTRA-FREQUENCY SOUND WAVES! IN ADDITION--YOU SEIZED POWER...
SOUND WAVES?
THEN THAT EXPLAINS WHY THE JAZZ MUSIC BROUGHT THE DOCTORS TO THEMSELVES AGAIN! SOMEHOW THE BEAT OF THE OLD NEW ORLEANS MUSIC COUNTER-ACTED THE EFFECT OF THE ULTRA-FREQUENCY WAVES--CANCELLED THEM OUT!

AFTER THE EX-MONARCH AND HIS HENCHMEN HAVE BEEN SENTENCED TO STIFF TERMS IN JAIL...

THE PEOPLE OF THIS CITY HAVE MADE IT CLEAR THAT THEY WANT NO **KING** OVER THEM! THIS AREA WAS ALWAYS PART OF A DEMOCRACY--IT MUST BECOME ONE AGAIN!

AND LATER...

HERE IT IS, BRYNDON--JUST WHAT WE HOPED TO FIND! IT HAS ALMOST ALL ITS FACILITIES INTACT! WITH THE DOCTORS' HELP, WE'RE GOING TO START HERE THE **FIRST POST-WAR MEDICAL SCHOOL**! IT WILL SUPPLY DOCTORS TO **ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY!**

COLLEGE
PHYSICIANS

AS TIME FOR DEPARTURE DRAWS CLOSE...

YOU FIVE SAVED US--AND ENABLED US TO BUILD A NEW LIFE HERE IN **NEW ORLEANS**! SO THAT WE'LL NEVER FORGET WHAT YOU'VE DONE--WE'RE NAMING THE NEW SCHOOL AFTER YOU--THE "**ATOMIC KNIGHTS MEDICAL SCHOOL**"!

AND AT LENGTH, BACK WHERE THEY STARTED FROM...

...AND A CERTAIN PERCENTAGE OF THE **FIRST GRADUATING CLASS** OF THE SCHOOL IS SLATED FOR **DURVALE**! IN TIME, WE **WILL** HAVE DOCTORS, MARENE!

GARDNER GRAYLE, YOU'RE GOING TO STAY HOME A WHILE NOW! YOU'VE BEEN AWAY **TOO LONG**!

The End

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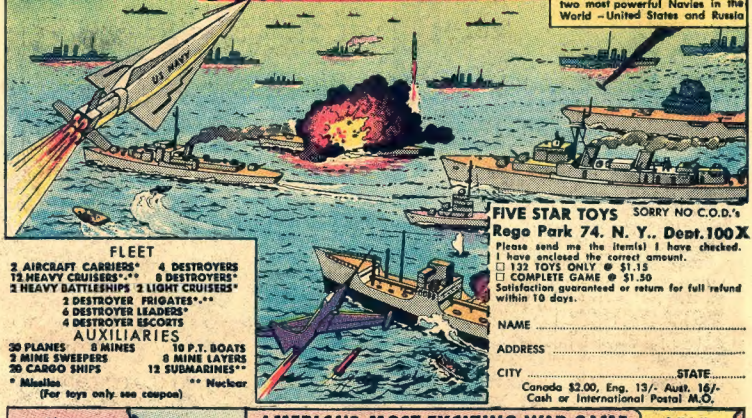

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* Missiles — ** Nuclear

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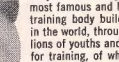

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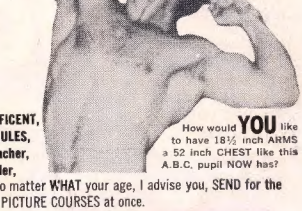

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How to GAIN OR LOSE UP TO 50 LBS. FAST

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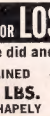
17 YEAR OLD SILLS

"I GAINED **60 LBS.** OF SHAPELY MIGHTY MUSCLES.

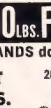
BEFORE mailing coupon, I was a 125 lb. 6 ft. skinny weakling."

says JOHN SILL.



"I LOST **30 LBS.** OF DANGEROUS **UGLY FAT** 4 INCHES OFF MY **WAIST!**

28 year old Felipe Mendoza



"That 220 lb. FAT-BOY at the right was ME a few short weeks ago."

YOU can add 7 inches to your **CHEST** 3½ inches to each **ARM** and the rest in proportion just as I did.

YOU can WIN the 18" tall SILVER TROPHY with name on it, A GOLD MEDAL, $100, as I did."

A.B.C. streamlined my body, made me a new man my 47" chest my 32" waist 15" difference attracts admiration at the beach.

45 year old FATHER and 18 year old SON — now Pals — train A.B.C. way together!

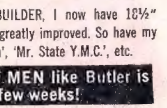
"Both gained pounds of powerful muscles. Advise all you fathers and sons to send for the A.B.C. courses without foolish delay."
—LARRY CAMPBELL

YOU become A WINNER in ALL you do like these and MILLIONS of my pupils!

YOU become A STAR in ANY SPORT! YOU fear NO MAN or BULLY!

YOU can soon be a HERO of MEN like Butler is and an IDOL of WOMEN in a few weeks!

Yes! In just **10 THRILLING MINUTES** a day, in the SECRECY of YOUR OWN ROOM at home, MY RAPID-FIRE, EASY as ABC FAMOUS PICTURE METHODS will start building you THE VERY FIRST NIGHT. I'll show you How to Mold **16 INCH ARMS of MIGHT,** a big, deep **45 INCH CHEST housing TIRELESS LUNGS,** WIDE MANLY SHOULDERS — a **BROAD** BRAWNY BACK, tapering to a SLENDER WAIST with punch-proof STOMACH MUSCLES, LEGS of RUNING POWER.



BEFORE mailing coupon this A.B.C. pupil was this 90 lb. skeleton. Gained 70 lbs. Made football team.

WOMEN always say, "I just adore A.B.C. ALL-MALE HE-MEN".

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are now, if you're in your teens, twenties, thirties or forties, I'll show you in just 10 thrilling minutes in your home, how you can make yourself over by the easy, quick method I turned myself from wreck to WORLD CHAMPION and turned **MILLIONS** of others into all-male he-men!

YES! You'll ADD INCHES of MIGHTY MUSCLES to your ARMS, deepen your CHEST, broaden your BACK and SHOULDERS. From HEAD to HEELS you'll gain SIZE, POWER, LIGHTNING SPEED, ENDURANCE. You'll become a SUCCESSFUL HE-MAN in LOOKS and ACTS — a WINNER in EVERYTHING — athletics, business, studies.

"I'm proud of you now, Tony!"

Pascarella

You wouldn't give me a tumble before I gained 28 A.B.C. lbs.

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I am under no other obligation.

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☐ I want to streamline my body, get rid of flabby fat.

☐ I want to add inches of muscle to my ☐ ARMS ☐ CHEST ☐ SHOULDERS ☐ POWERFUL LEGS ☐ SLIM WAIST

☐ I want to become a winning athlete. ☐ I want new pep.

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